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THE TRINITY TABLET

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TRINITY COLLEGE
VOL. XXXIII.

DECEMBER 20 1899
No. 4

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HARTFORD
CONN.



TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTIONS.

The college offers four courses of instruction, viz.: I. A COURSE IN ARTS; II. A COURSE IN LETTERS AND SCIENCE; III. A COURSE IN SCIENCE; IV. A COURSE IN LETTERS.

The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, of the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science, those completing the course in Letters receive the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

Students who do not propose to pursue all the studies of any of the regular courses are permitted, under the name of Special Students, to recite with any class in such studies as, upon examination, they are found qualified to pursue.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

There are numerous Scholarships. These differ in value, some remitting the charge for tuition, and others both the charge for tuition and that for room-rent in whole or in part. For holders of Scholarships remitting the entire charges for tuition and room-rent, the Treasurer's bills are reduced to \$42.50; and the necessary expense of such students including board and other personal items will not exceed \$250, or \$300 a year.

For Catalogues apply to the President or Secretary of the Faculty.

The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXXIII

DECEMBER 20 1899

No. 4

Published every three weeks during the college year

EDITORS

JAMES ALBERT WALES, 1901,
Managing Editor

THEOPHILUS MINTON SYPHAX, 1902,
Business Manager

AUGUSTUS TALCOTT WYNKOOP, 1901, *Literary Editor*

THOMAS PROSSOR BROWNE, JR., 1900.

JAMES MOSGROVE HUDSON, 1901.

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EDITORIALS

WITH the reëlection of W. P. Brown, '01, to whom we extend our congratulations, ended what has been a most instructive football season. That it has been eminently successful we think all fair minded critics will admit, and in this connection THE TABLET wishes to thank Captain Brown, the team, and all concerned in its management and direction. Above all things, this season has shown us most conclusively that a coach is an absolute necessity and we trust that those who shape our football policy have come to a full realization of this and will no longer ask our captains to fill the double office of coach and captain. The requirements of the game as played to-day are such that it is well nigh impossible for a captain, handicapped as ours have been, to accomplish anything. Another lesson which this season has taught is the need of one important game.

Such a game is a great incentive to the players and also is of great assistance to those who train the team, as it affords a definite date by which to regulate its development. While the lack of such a game this year has had no apparent effect upon the team, yet there was a falling off both in the financial support and in the attendance at practice, and even in the attendance at games. Finally, we feel compelled to question the wisdom of arranging any more long trips, especially when two games are played in three days. It is a great tax on the men physically, and besides necessitates too long an absence from recitations. So much for the past season. As for the future, we must confess that the outlook is most propitious in spite of the fact that football teams are dangerous subjects for prophecy. Hence before we lay football matters aside until next fall THE TABLET would like to suggest to the management that a coach be procured and all arrangements made before College closes in June and that the team begins practice next fall at least no later than the Monday preceding the opening of College.

* * * * *

WITH the close of the football season, the undergraduate athlete naturally turns his attention to basket-ball. In this branch of college athletics, Trinity has been well represented in former years, the season of '97-'98 when we defeated Yale and Wesleyan, being especially successful. Last year, although the season started under favorable circumstances, the team, owing in a great measure to lack of support by the College body, did not come up to the standard, and the season was more or less of a failure. This year our chances in this direction are very favorable. We have plenty of good material in college from which to develop a team, and it only remains for us to arouse the active support of the student body to enable us to put a team in the field that will be a credit to the College.

WE are glad to learn that the reading-room is to be revived, and that a committee has been appointed to take charge of the matter. This is a good move and one that should receive the hearty endorsement and support of the College body. Under the present conditions the reading-room cannot be a success unless the undergraduate body stand by the committee and aid them in every possible way. In previous years it has been very discouraging to those in charge when, after spending a great deal of time in collecting subscriptions and equipping the room with a good supply of newspapers and periodicals, they have seen their work go for naught, and nothing remain at the end of the first week but a file of torn papers and mangled and defaced magazines. This is a matter that is not covered by any rule of the Faculty, and at present there is no way of compelling the student body to exercise the proper care in their use of the room and of the papers and magazines placed in it. It rests entirely in the hands of the College whether or not this movement shall be a success, and it remains for us now to make it such.

* * * * *

FROM the character of the notices regarding the Chess Club which have been observed on the bulletin board at recent intervals, we infer that the association is experiencing difficulty in perfecting its organization and in maintaining the enthusiasm manifested at its first meetings. This is, we believe, one of the ordinary complaints in chess clubs. In most cases the projectors are a trifle too ambitious in their conceptions of the objects to be attained, and too much "red tape" is woven into the rules. Its meetings are apt to be occupied with profitless discussions instead of with chess playing, so that by the time the constitution is perfected, the meetings are very sparsely attended and the officers are quite likely to be discouraged. Furthermore, although a man may

be greatly interested in chess, he may be a rather indifferent player, and there is very little excitement or profit for such a man to meet an opponent who is greatly his superior. To make any noticeable improvement, he should play those of either the same or those of only slightly superior strength. THE TABLET, therefore, advises that immediate steps be taken for a tournament, to be open to the entire college, the competitors to be divided into either two or three classes, according to their playing strength, the winners of the different classes meeting to decide the College championship. It is to be hoped that this suggestion will be seriously considered.

* * * * *

OUR gymnasium is splendidly equipped with the best modern apparatus and in nearly every respect is superior to that found in the ordinary college of the smaller class, but it seems to us that it would be of much more value if the basement floor were entirely remodeled. The present arrangement includes a pair of bowling alleys which from their unevenness are not conducive to a development of scientific skill, and a baseball cage, the low ceiling and poor light of which make it of little practical use. The rest of the floor is occupied by lockers, dressing space, and a small bath room containing three showers whose pipes are connected in such a manner as to make it almost impossible to regulate the temperature of the water when more than one of them is running at once. This floor would be more in keeping with the rest of the gymnasium if a swimming tank were constructed in the space now occupied by the alleys and cage, or if the alleys were remade a smaller tank could take the place of the cage alone. The many advantages of a good swimming tank will readily suggest themselves and we venture to say that it would be an important factor in the making of our athletic teams. Of course, the shower-baths should remain, but it is not too much to ask that a practical system of regulation be substituted for the one now in use.

A CHRISTMAS LITANY

THOU wert born this Christmas night,
Ah, Thy star shone clear and bright !
Flood my soul, with its pure light,
Jesu, Son of Mary !

From Thy cradle low and rude,
In the stables' solitude,
Bring me Thy beatitude,
Jesu, Son of Mary !

Henry Rutgers Remsen.

A CLOUD

ROBED in blue and crowned with beauty,
Floating on through heaven's clear space,
Fleece-lined cloud — majestic vision —
Would that we thy course might trace.

Gliding on past other planets
Thou dost know their story well,
And the secrets of existence
In thy inmost soul do dwell.

Floating onward, with thy treasures
All unknown to mortal ken,
Would that we might journey with thee
Solved would be all mysteries then.

Augustus Talcott Wynkoop.

DREAM FACES

I SEE in my dreams by the fireside
These faces so faint and fair ;
These idyls of my dearest hours
With their waves of silken hair.
They seem to beckon me onward,
To belittle and lighten each care ;
They seem to awaken ambition
And my purest thoughts lay bare.

James M. Hudson.

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

WITHIN the land of twilight sadly grey,
Where shadowy sunsets in the gloom decline,
A crystal fount whose waters clearly shine
Flows evermore unceasingly away :
And there within the dreary dying day
The weary hearted come, and low incline
Their heads to drink that draught, than glowing wine
More sweet and bitter, than the barrier stay
Is broken, and as heaven's serenest ray
Flow forth the tears divine.

No summer stars, God's beacon lights of flame
Ethereal, are purer than our tears ;
For as the blood is to the fleshy frame,
So tears are to the spirit with a name
Diverse. Adown the hot and barren years
They heal the wounds that burning passion sears.

Hervey Boardman Vanderbogart.

MY COUNTRY

A MERICA, my fatherland,
My native land, my own,
Although I am a wanderer
'Mid Rome's great vaults of stone,
And though grim Egypt's ancient store
Its pyramids doth raise,
Yet I long again thy shores to see,
Again to hymn thy praise.

And when the Russian winds do blow
Across the steppes at night,
And when the Indian breezes wail
At dawn's first early light,
Then in thought I seek my country,
Which is dearer far to me
Than Russia's barren wilderness,
Or India's sunny lea.

And so where'er the surges toss,
And the ocean sings its song,
Whether in Southern Italy
Or Sweden's shores along ;
Yet my heart turns back in memory
To the place that's home to me.
America, my fatherland,
I long thy shores to see.

Augustus Talcott Wynkoop.

A QUESTION OF ETHICS

AS the bright moonlight shone through the overhanging leaves an irregular patchwork of light rested lazily on the winding lane. In the west the hills loomed up in shadowed majesty, and no sound disturbed the impressive stillness of the night, save now and then the rustling of a few falling leaves forced by the chill wind to seek new resting places.

The lane was darkly shaded here, as its course ran through a thick wood, bounded by a rude rail fence. On the fence a man was sitting in silence, screened from observation by the blackest of shadows. He was a young man, probably no more than twenty-four. A black mask covered the upper part of his face, and his hands were playing with a long six-shooter as he leaned forward in a meditative attitude.

It was about nine o'clock, and the mail carrier was due to pass through the "cut" at any time, bringing with him an unusually large consignment of specie. The man on the fence, John Burrows by name, had learned accidentally that the coin was to arrive at the Red Oak station on the night train and to be taken with the other express and mail matter to Centreville, a town which boasted a prosperous bank but no railroad connection. Both towns were about fifty miles from Nashville.

Burrows was a school teacher. School teachers are seldom criminals—they do not as a general thing lie in wait for lone horsemen laden with shipments of money. So Burrows had thought to himself when the idea first presented itself to his mind, and this comparative freedom from suspicion was one of the inducements which had turned his brain and tempted him to make use of the knowledge he had recently chanced upon. No criminal instinct had ever asserted itself in his nature, and he had always lived up to his spotless reputation till the present time, when an overpowering impulse

seized him, and all moral restraint was cast aside in the sudden longing for wealth. This peculiar mental disorder was due to the fact that Burrows was in love—madly infatuated, but too poor to marry the girl of his choice. The opportunity of bettering his fortune by a single stroke was too inviting to be dismissed.

“She will never know,” he told himself, “and I shall forget.” He did not see how his plans could possibly fail. After holding up the mail-carrier he would force him to drop his sacks to the road and dismount, and would then bind his hands and feet and leave him.

He was nervously tapping his foot against the lower bar of the fence, and biting his lips in fear and impatience. A faint clatter of hoofs, rapidly growing louder, soon caught his ear. It was the mail-carrier, and he seemed to be in an unusual hurry, for he was lashing his horse and making all possible speed. When the horseman had come within forty yards Burrows suddenly leaped into the middle of the road and leveled his revolver at the approaching figure. The horse brought up short, nearly throwing his rider, but the carrier quickly recovered himself, and seized the opportunity to draw his own revolver. Immediately he blazed away at the highwayman, but his aim was wild. When Burrows saw the flash of the first shots fired at him, he forgot everything in the mad desire for self-preservation, and began to empty in rapid succession every chamber of his weapon at the horseman. Before he had fired his third shot the carrier fell forward on the horse's neck and slid helplessly to the ground. The horse, which had been plunging violently during the shooting, now broke away and dashed down the road toward Centreville in wild frenzy, taking with him the mail sacks, which were still fastened across his back. Burrows, who was unhurt, fired the remaining shots in his revolver at the fleeing animal, at the same time running after him in the wild hope of catching him. But the horse soon outstripped him and was lost in the distance.

Truly, Burrows' plans had not succeeded. The money was gone, and the carrier—was dead? He must go back and see what had happened to him—he might be dying. When he reached the spot, a hasty examination convinced him that the man was dead. It is impossible to describe the horror and remorse that seized the young schoolmaster when he saw what he had done. For a short time he was too paralyzed with fear to move, then he realized that his crime must be covered up. He lifted the limp and awkward body and poised it on his shoulder. It was the work of a few moments to hide it securely in a clump of thick bushes.

He hastened back to his home in Red Oak, but did not go to bed. He sat on the side of his bed all night with his clothes on, waiting for the day to come, and afraid to close his eyes.

* * *

As he talked with an acquaintance on the way to the schoolhouse next morning Burrows learned at once that the affair had become the sensation of the district. His friend was telling him how the horse had arrived at Centreville without a rider, and a searching-party had gone out in the moonlight.

"Did they find the carrier's body?" asked Burrows, admirably calm.

"Why, yes, it was in the middle of the road, just across from the Point o' Rocks."

"*In the middle of the road? At the Point o' Rocks?* Why, I thought they—they found it in the Cut!" said the astonished Burrows.

"Not that I know of, for old man Pettingill, who lives up on the Rocks, was attracted by the noise of shooting and got there just as the carrier was breathing his last. He said a man had run up behind him and stabbed him, but he could not tell who it was. He

fired several shots at the robber as he got away on the horse. Why the horse and money reached Centreville as they did we don't know, but this part is straight, for I got it from the old man himself."

Burrows did not reply. The whole thing seemed incomprehensible to him. He could not have dreamed his part of the affair, yet he knew perfectly well that old man Pettingill was absolutely trustworthy. Then it flashed upon him. The "Point o' Rocks" came before "The Cut" on the road out of Red Oak, and he recollected how the supposed carrier had been in such a great hurry. *He had killed the man who had killed the carrier!* He was roused from his reflections by the voice of his friend:

"They have arrested the man who committed the crime."

"What?" cried Burrows. "How do they know he did it? Who is he?"

"He is an unknown tramp who has been hanging around here lately. Shortly after the occurrence he was seen running from the Point o' Rocks to Red Oak, and when he was searched we found a dagger which may have been used in the crime."

Burrows perceived at once that the tramp was innocent—he might have been surprised in some small enterprise of depredation, and have run through fear. Of course the finding of the dagger was a mere coincidence. The tramp could not have been the real robber, for that individual's body was safely stowed away in the bushes, as Burrows alone knew. His crime was undiscovered, it was true, but should the tramp suffer? He would wait and see what evidence was brought up at the trial, and if it was adverse to the innocent tramp, then—but he thought of the girl, and did not like to finish that sentence.

* * *

Three months afterward, the court-room was crowded. The much-talked-of murder mystery was on the docket, and a long line

of teams at the railing in the main street testified to the interest which the neighboring districts took in the case.

Burrows' seat was about the center of the main floor, with a few local notables. In the gallery he could see plainly the girl he loved—for whom he had damned his soul. The evidence against the prisoner at the bar, although entirely circumstantial, seemed as the case went on to weave a tighter net about him. Burrows saw that something must be done to save the tramp.

His old moral sense had returned the day after the crime, and had assailed him with an unrelenting severity and sharpness which had made his life more than a burden. Only his unchanging love for the girl had kept him from suicide. She would have had to stand the shock and the disgrace of his self-destruction—would she now have to bear that of his confession and fall? If it meant the saving of the life of the tramp, yes—if not, he would be silent. But who was this tramp that he should sacrifice the girl's happiness for him—for he knew her life would be blasted if he made the fatal confession. Again, he had killed the real robber in self-defense, and without malice aforethought—perhaps he had been chosen for the avenging agent of Providence. Indeed, for all he knew, the tramp himself might richly have deserved death before this, and it was better that a man of such low mental calibre should die than himself, so much superior intellectually and consequently a more valuable unit in the social scheme. But whether or not the tramp deserved to suffer, he now had almost no chance of escape, for the jury had gone out and the evidence submitted had been practically conclusive.

Burrows was again reviewing the events of that remarkable night. Yes, he was a murderer—he had seen that plainly enough all along. If he deserved death, he should receive it. Murder was horrible enough, but to let the tramp die for a crime *he* had com-

mitted, when it was in his power to save him, would be an atrocity at which his quickened conscience shuddered. He could not live and know that he had done another such crime, for this would indeed be a cold-blooded murder if ever there was one. He could never look the girl in the face again, and the only course open to him now was to rise like a man and tell the true story of the whole affair for the first time.

The jury returned and gave the verdict: "guilty." John Burrows arose and caught the attention of the presiding judge. He tried to speak, but for a moment was unable to move his lips. He looked around at the sea of faces and saw all eyes turned inquisitively upon him. Involuntarily he turned his gaze to the gallery, and there he saw *her* looking at him, her face pale with an unknown fear, and her eyes fixed upon him in a piercing stare. How could he give pain to those tender eyes, strike sorrow to that heart of gold? But could he allow the innocent prisoner to die? For ten seconds he and the girl looked at each other in that strange manner, then the judge rapped lightly on his desk. Burrows slowly drew his eyes from the girl and faced the judge. With an effort he cleared his throat, and began to speak.

He had hardly spoken three words when the door opened quickly and a boy rushed in with a special delivery letter, which he handed to the judge. Burrows, who was glad of the interruption, sat down for a moment's rest. The judge read the letter to himself first, then rapped for order and spoke as follows:

"This letter, just received by me, is dated at the Nashville Hospital this morning. I will read it:

"Judge of the County Court, Red Oak, Tenn.:

*"Honored Sir:—*This morning at two o'clock Silas E. Glenn passed away in this hospital. From the time he was received here, about three months ago, up till about ten minutes before his death, he was

in a condition of mental unbalance. In this latter time he made a statement to me as I sat by his bedside. The news of the murder of Charles McGann, the mail-carrier, had of course reached this city and was much discussed at the time. To my surprise the dying man spoke on this subject. He said he had committed the crime himself. According to his statement he lay in wait at a place known as the Point o' Rocks, and as the carrier came by at his usual moderate pace, he ran up behind him silently and stabbed him in the back. The carrier fell from his horse, but had strength enough to fire several telling shots into his assailant. Glenn said he jumped on the horse and fled, but his wounds were killing him and he did not know anything whatsoever about his actions after this, although he remembers faintly having awakened in a very weak condition under some bushes the next morning. After having made his way by painful stages to the railroad, he stole a ride in a freight train to Nashville, where his condition was discovered and he was brought here.

"I trust this will reach you in time for your trial to-day, and I shall write more fully at a later date."

As the judge finished, Burrows looked up at the girl with an expression of glad relief. He could never dare hope to marry her, even now, but he knew that she had been saved from an overwhelming sorrow and shame, and that he could now start life anew. Whether the mail-carrier or himself had been the greater factor in Silas Glenn's death would always be a mystery to him, but he could never forget or forgive his own part in the affair, and in his awakened soul he felt the arising of that mighty power for future good—the determination to live down the blot on his conscience.

James Albert Wales.

FAMOUS BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

I. ERASMUS' GREEK TESTAMENT

AMONG the many rare and interesting early printed books in the College Library perhaps none has greater historical and literary interest than the famous *Greek Testament* edited and translated by Desiderius Erasmus. A full account of all the circumstances relating to its production, the controversies regarding it, and the results achieved by this book would fill a volume. Coming as it did at what would now be called a "psychological moment," its influence was both powerful and far reaching. There are some, indeed, who call it the torch from which sprang the conflagration of the Protestant Reformation.

In order to appreciate the significance it had in its day and generation it is necessary to remember that prior to the 16th century most people had little knowledge of the contents of the Bible as a whole. Complete copies of the Scriptures were for the most part shut up in monastic, cathedral and university libraries and chiefly read by professional theologians. Of the Gospels and Epistles so much only was known to the laity as was read in the church services, while the Old Testament's contents were familiar only from the absurd compilations known as Bible histories, such as, for instance, the *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Peter Comestor.

Erasmus, one of the best classical scholars of his time and certainly the most brilliant representative of humanistic culture at the beginning of the 16th century, held radical views upon the subject of Scripture popularization. "I altogether and utterly dissent," he said, "from those who are unwilling that the Holy Scriptures . . . should be read by private persons, as though the teachings of Christ were so abstruse as to be intelligible only to a very few theologians,

or as though the safety of the Scripture rested on man's ignorance of it. . . . Would that the Scripture were translated into all languages that it might be read and known not only by Scots and Irishmen but even by Turks and Saracens." He also had the courage to maintain that the Latin translation of the Bible known as the Vulgate, which had been raised by the Roman Church almost to the dignity of an original, was a very imperfect version, accompanied by conventional interpretations that corrupted and distorted the meaning of the text. And amid a mass of other literary work he had for years been preparing a new Latin version of the New Testament with notes and explanations.

The opportunity to publish this material came in April 1515 when his friend John Froben, the famous printer of Basle, wrote to Erasmus in England, asking him to undertake an edition of the Greek New Testament and promising to pay "as much as anybody." Erasmus set to work at once and, as he himself says, prepared it with headlong haste. The work appeared in February 1516 and was by six years the earliest *published* Greek Testament, though *printed* two years later than that in the great Complutensian Polyglot. It sold as rapidly as a modern popular novel and created a sensation throughout Europe. The bitterest controversies arose regarding it, and in spite of the official approbation which Erasmus had secured from Leo X, he was shamefully attacked and vilified by all the reactionary forces in the Church.

In the book itself the Greek Text, Erasmus' version, and the Vulgate translation stood in parallel columns. To each Gospel and Epistle a preface was prefixed and notes were attached to particular passages to point their force upon current abuses or established usages. The true persons of Christ and the Apostles, their history, lives and teaching were revealed in all their simplicity to an amazed world of readers. For the first time they were enabled to see in

deadly comparison the sincere and earnest Christianity of the first century, and a church with cardinal princes, ecclesiastical courts, openly flaunting its luxury and hypocrisy, and vainly attempting to defend a theology which came dangerously near being a ridiculous mythology. The effect of this comparison on men's minds was, as Froude truly enough remarks, "a spiritual earthquake." Erasmus had plainly shown that the Vulgate, the Bible of the Church, was not only a second-hand document, but in places a very erroneous document. "A shock was thus given to the credit of the clergy in literature similar to that which was given in the province of science by the astronomical discoveries of the 17th century."

As an edition of the Greek text this work of Erasmus has no critical value. Its interest for us to-day lies in the fact that it is one of the landmarks in the history of human thought. Its influence was profound and durable and it was a most powerful factor in freeing the minds of both churchmen and laymen from the intellectual trammels imposed by a corrupt ecclesiastical system.

The first edition had so quick a sale that in the autumn of 1516 Erasmus was revising and preparing for a second. This came out in 1519, a third appeared in 1522 and a fourth in 1527. One other passed through his hands before his death in 1536, and within a few decades thereafter at least thirty unauthorized reprints were published. The copy in the College Library is of the fourth edition, issued in March 1527 and is a well preserved specimen of Froben's beautiful typography. An engraved border surrounds the first page of the preface and a series of graceful woodcut initial letters runs throughout the work. The volume is still in its original binding of heavy oak boards covered with black leather. It was purchased for the Library in 1896 with money from the Peters Fund and contains the book-plate of that fund.

W. N. C.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

CANDIDATES for the basket ball team were called out on Monday, December 4, and the first practice showed some promising material in the Freshman class.

The under classes began their regular gymnasium work on Monday afternoon, December 4. The Freshmen are down for Mondays and Thursdays, and the Sophomores for Tuesdays and Fridays.

Trials for the Dramatic Association were held in Alumni Hall on Thursday evening, November 23.

The Sophomore class has selected class pipes. E. B. Goodrich is chairman of the committee.

A poem entitled "A Karnac Cat," by Henry Rutgers Remsen, '98, appeared in the December number of *East and West*.

The class of '1901 has elected Frank E. Waterman chairman of the Junior ball committee and John D. Evans secretary and treasurer. The other members of the committee will be chosen later.

A meeting of those interested in the re-organization of the Press Club, was held in 14 Jarvis Hall, Saturday, December 9. About twenty men were present and there is a probability of more joining. Thomas Prosser Browne, 1900, was elected president and James Albert Wales, 1901, secretary and treasurer. The papers in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, Albany, and all the large cities will be covered.

The basket-ball season opened on Monday night, December 11, with a game between Trinity and a team from the local Y. M. C. A. As the team is not supported by subscriptions an admission of 15 cents was charged. The team played all around their rivals, winning by a score of 30 to 6. The showing of the team was very gratifying.

'Ninety-nine held a meeting at Muschenheim's Arena, New York, on the evening of November 4. R. N. Willcox presided, being the only officer of the class present. There were present W. B. Sutton, E. G. Littell, R. H. Mech-told, F. C. Smith, R. A. Benson, L. R. Benson, O. P. Colloque, F. C. Ingalls, R. N. Willcox, H. C. Owen. Sutton was elected president of the Trinity '99 Alumni Association and R. N. Willcox secretary and treasurer. College mat-ters in general were discussed, and especially the need of work being done by the younger alumni to obtain new men for the College. The next meeting is to be held at Haan's, Columbus avenue and Seventy-fifth street.

A meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the Latin Room, Monday, December 4.

A series of pictures of last year's "Jesters" has been framed and hung in Alumni Hall. This custom is highly commendable.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs have been rehearsing regularly for some time. Trials for the Banjo Club were held Friday afternoon, December 15. Regular rehearsals of the Jesters will begin immediately after Christmas. Several trips out of town are being discussed by the management of the clubs.

The College Catalogue for the present student year has made its appearance. Many subjects are treated of at greater length, and a page is devoted to the Standing Committees of the Faculty. The enumeration of students shows 137 members, six of whom are graduate students. It is announced that beginning in 1901 the course in science will include four years, instead of three, as at present. This action is in line with that taken by Yale, Harvard, and other institutions.

The Trinity basket-ball team went to Middletown, Thursday evening, De-cember 14, and defeated the team of the local Y. M. C. A., the score being 26—8. Trinity lined up as follows: Forwards, Glazebrook (Capt.) and Bel-lamy; center, Henderson; guards, Brinley and Brown (Crane). Accuracy in throwing for goals was a marked feature of the collegians' game. So far this year the team has done splendidly.

THE 'NINETY-NINE TEAM

AT the Worcester Oval, October 7th, the writer had the first opportunity of seeing the '99 Football team. Their opponents were the strong Holy Cross team. Coming, as they recently had, from their hard game with Yale, the Trinity men were not in good physical condition and consequently did not play a strong game. The playing upon that occasion displayed the weak points in the team, but also gave evidence of the possibilities which the team possessed. The faults which they evinced, such as fumbling, poor tackling, and muffing punts, cannot be called minor defects, and despite coaching and careful practice remained with the team to a great extent the whole season and contributed directly to every defeat which the team suffered.

The week following the game with Holy Cross the team began work under the direction of a regular coach. It is from his standpoint that this brief criticism is made. We must take into consideration in our estimation of the work of the season, the fact that the team which represented Trinity was many pounds lighter than any team which it met on the football field. The natural result of this difference in weight was minimized by the quickness which the team acquired and their ability to form the interference promptly, and thus have the play well under way before the scrimmage line was reached.

There were several difficulties with which the team had to contend during the season. Probably the greatest difficulty was the scarcity of players. There were not enough men competing for positions, and the second eleven was not strong enough, from this lack of material, to give the "varsity" good practice on defensive work. The second main difficulty was a lack of coaching. It is almost impossible for one man to coach the whole team. He must indeed be a versatile player who can instruct each player on the

team equally well as to his position, and for this reason the line men were not properly instructed as to their position, most of the attention being given to the back-field.

Graduate coaching should surely be the policy, that a settled line of coaching may follow from year to year.

The third difficulty with which the team contended was a lack of support from the student-body. This indifference does not bring out the best qualities in any player, and being reflected in the financial support which the team receives, embarrasses the management and is withal fatal to the best results in athletics.

But in gathering up the lessons of the past football season, there are many elements to commend. The spirit of good feeling and courage which at all times pervaded the team is certainly a most commendable element. This did not amount to over-confidence but was the natural healthy feeling of determination which apparently is another term for "Trinity spirit."

In order that this summary of the work of the team might be turned to practical account, individual comment might be advantageous. At left end, Hudson easily kept his place. His playing was uniformly good, and getting into every play he made a good team player. On running down on kicks and tackling in the open his playing was fair, but in line work on the offensive his best play evinced itself.

Duncan Browne at left tackle was a strong aggressive player. This same aggressiveness lost a few yards to his team, because of off-side play. Very few gains were made through his position. At breaking up interference and line-tackling his play was very strong. He ran well with the ball.

Meyer at left guard, while new to the position, played well on the defensive. He lacked aggressiveness. With more zeal in his play, his game would be greatly improved.

Crane alternated with Meyer in this position. His playing was apt to be erratic. If he would sustain throughout the game his possibilities, his play would be greatly strengthened.

At center, Johnson had the call for the position. His playing is aggressive and skillful, being able to work with the quarter-back to good advantage. Stone and Hill also played this position. Stone lacked the aggressive quality so essential to a centre-rush, and his passing of the ball was not above criticism. On the defensive he played well.

Hill was very strong in his play when up to the possibilities of his game. A tendency to pass erratically to the quarter-back, due possibly to the short time which he played the position, marred his work. At guard he would find a position more suitable to his style of play.

At right guard Henderson played a strong game, being skilful and quick to understand his opponent's play. Being a natural player, conversant with the possibilities of the game, there is little to criticise in his work.

At right tackle Captain Brown's game is worthy of praise. His running with the ball has figured in every game, and this ability, quick starting and fast running, should naturally give him a position in the back field. His strong tackling, especially in the open, further commends him to the position of half-back. At tackle, however, he played a strong game, getting into the interference of his own team and against that of his opponents. As field captain, he kept the men constantly well at their work.

At right end, McKeon played a hard, fearless game. His tackling was especially noticeable, though not excelling in the "open" as it did in line and scrimmage tackling. In this style of defensive work he was especially good.

Clement, alternating with McKeon at right end, excelled him in some points. His running down under punts was good, while in

tackling in or near the scrimmage line his play was not so strong. With more steadiness and a maintenance of his best play, his game would be a very good one.

Relatively, in the back field the team showed to a better advantage.

At quarterback, T. Browne was in all respects capable to fill the position. His coolness and judgment greatly assisted the back field. His passing was accurate, his fault being to allow a poor pass from the centre to disconcert his playing. In getting the plays off promptly and working into each play, his game was above criticism.

Wheeler, alternating at quarter with T. Browne, ran the team well, using good judgment in selecting plays, his main fault being in failing to inspire the team to its best work. His defensive work was strong. In his interfering for the runner some criticism could be made.

Syphax, at right half-back, started quickly, ran hard, and was skilful in dodging and punting. A tendency to run away from his interference and to individualize his play were the main faults. His tackling was inclined to be too high.

At full-back, Bellamy played a scientific game. His punting was strong, though his kicks were not well placed. His running with the ball was hard and strong, his line bucking being the best of the back field. Muffing punts, as did all the back field, was a fault.

Brinley played well at left half. His defensive work was the best of the back field players. His weight and strength gave him this advantage, as it did in line-plays, where he was the most successful.

Tuke, the opposite of Brinley in every style of play, made his light weight count in every respect. In advancing the ball his play was very skilful. His tackling was low and hard, in which respect but one or two other members of the team can be mentioned. On end runs his play showed to best advantage.

With the return of nearly the entire team next year, the season of 1900 looks bright indeed, and if the lessons of this past season will be kept in mind until the games of 1900 take place, a larger series of victories should then be scored, than is to the credit of the team of '99. If personality may be further intruded, a word in regard to the gentlemanly qualities of the men who this year represented Trinity on the foot-ball field may not be out of place. It was a pleasure to associate with such men, to join them in their sport, to travel with them and to sit at their table. So long as Trinity is represented by this class of men, they are represented in all that goes to make athletics attractive, and have on their fields of athletic contest that which, in the highest sense, is the purpose of any team.

Albert C. Fulton.

ATHLETICS

INDIVIDUAL FOOTBALL RECORDS

NAME.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	AGE.
Hudson, l. e.,	5 feet 11 inches.	140 pounds.	20 years
D. Browne, l. t.,	5 feet 8½ inches.	175 pounds.	20 years
Meyer, l. g.,	6 feet 2 inches.	160 pounds.	21 years
Hill, center,	5 feet 11¾ inches.	165 pounds.	19 years
Henderson, r. g.,	5 feet 11½ inches.	166 pounds.	20 years
W. Brown (Capt.), r. t.,	5 feet 9½ inches.	160 pounds.	20 years
McKeon, r. e.,	5 feet 6½ inches.	148 pounds.	18 years
T. Brown, q. b.,	5 feet 3½ inches.	145 pounds.	22 years
Syphax, r. h.,	5 feet 9½ inches.	156 pounds.	21 years
Tuke, l. h.,	5 feet 6 inches.	140 pounds.	23 years
Brinley, l. h.,	5 feet 10¼ inches.	160 pounds.	20 years
Bellamy, f. b.,	5 feet 10 inches.	152 pounds.	20 years
Crane, l. g.,	6 feet.	168 pounds.	20 years
Johnson, center,	5 feet 11¼ inches.	180 pounds.	18 years
Stone, center,	5 feet 10½ inches.	161 pounds.	21 years
Wheeler, q. b.,	5 feet 10½ inches.	151 pounds.	19 years
Clement, r. e.,	6 feet.	140 pounds.	17 years
Trumbull, l. e.,	5 feet 8 inches.	163 pounds.	19 years
Glazebrook, f. b.,	5 feet 11 inches.	144 pounds.	20 years
Weibel, r. t.,	5 feet 10½ inches.	147 pounds.	19 years
Merriam, q. b.,	5 feet 6¼ inches.	143 pounds.	19 years
Average,	5 feet 9¾ inches.	155½ pounds.	20½ years

GAMES PLAYED BY MEN NOW IN COLLEGE.

NAME.	—Number of Games.—				Total Number College Games.	Number Full College Games.	Gold Football.
	'96	'97	'98	'99			
T. Browne, '00,	1	5	5	8	18	15	17
Glazebrook, '00,	—	—	—	1	1	1	1
Schwartz, '00,	—	—	1	—	1	0	0
Bellamy, '01,	—	8	9	6	22	19	19
Brinley, '01,	—	—	7	5	12	8	8
Brown, '01,	—	4	6	9	18	15	16
Clement, '01,	—	—	—	4	4	2	2
Hudson, '01,	—	—	—	8	8	7	8
Stone, '01,	—	—	—	6	6	3	3
Sturtevant, '01,	—	6	—	—	6	6	6
Wheeler, '01,	—	—	2	2	4	4	4
Crane, '02,	—	—	—	3	3	3	3
Henderson, '02,	—	—	6	9	15	14	14
Hill, '02,	—	—	—	5	5	5	5
Merriam, '02,	—	—	—	1	1	0	0
Syphax, '02,	—	—	6	9	15	12	14
Tuke, '02,	—	—	—	7	7	6	6
Weibel, '02,	—	—	—	1	1	0	0
D. Browne, '03,	—	—	—	7	7	7	7
Johnson, '03,	—	—	—	3	3	1	3
McKeon, '03,	—	—	—	5	5	3	4
Meyer, '03,	—	—	—	5	5	5	5
Trumbull, '03,	—	—	—	3	3	2	2

THE STROLLER

EVERY season of the year brings its peculiar joys and discomforts. There are many discomforts attendant on the winter season, but we can think of no joy so intoxicating, so wildly exhilarating, as that caused by the telegraphic system which interrupts our recitation periods. Wireless telegraphy is a great thing in its way, but it cannot compare to the lightning method of flashing messages along the steam-pipes now employed by our ingenious janitors. These gentlemen, finding that time hangs heavily on their hands, as usual, employ various means to divert themselves. The many amusing pastimes indulged in by the sly rogues will easily suggest themselves to the reader, but we doubt if anything causes them so much delight as chatting to one another over

the heating apparatus. How pleasant it is, when one has been called upon for a question covering an unexplored part of the lesson, to hear the radiators merrily strike up what seems to be the kettle-drum part of the latest popular air, thus staving off the attack till a foreign alliance can be perfected. The professor's conversation is apt to be something on this order: "Gentlemen, (tap, tap), we will (tap) have to suspend the (tap-itty-tap) recitation (tap, tap) till these (tap, tap-itty-tap) noises are (tap) discontinued (tap-tap-tap-tap, tappy, tap)." Again, what can be more soothing to tired nerves than the shrill, hissing sound which occasionally greets our ears? It has been suggested by some misinformed person that these phenomena are caused by the action of the rising steam on the cold water left in the radiators, but this statement is rejected with scorn by those who have made a life study of the habits and eccentricities of the curious type known as the *janitor Trinitatis*.

* * *

AND another corps of college assistants whom THE STROLLER feels are overburdened with their daily tasks are the damsels (?) whose function it is to keep our rooms in spotless array. Do the members of the undergraduate body realize what a wonderful literary production the College possesses in the posters headed "Room Regulations?" If any member of the College has not availed himself of the excruciating pleasure of perusing one of these bombastic proclamations, let him immediately procure one, for THE STROLLER feels assured that the man who does not possess one of these posters has lost half the joy of living. The productions are most hilarious in composition and abound in "hunks of frozen tradition," to quote from a sermon preached in the College Chapel a short time ago by a member of the Faculty. After reading the phrase in the regulations "the rooms must be kept 'scrupulously clean,'" let us repair to our domiciles after one of the damsels has finished her noble task. In the first place, on opening the door we are greeted by a cloud of dust, and after bravely making the best of cruel fate and fighting our stifling way into our abodes we find, to our consternation, that the dust is at least two inches thick upon every visible object, and yet "the rooms must be kept scrupulously clean." Who can explain the mysteries of existence, of which this is indeed one of the deepest and most unfathomable?

PERSONALS

THE Rev. Dr. PYNCHON, '41, and Dr. C. A. LINDSLEY, '49, are Vice-Presidents of the Connecticut Humane Society.

The Rev. C. E. PHELPS, '42, has published a small volume of his poems.

The Rev. PAUL ZIEGLER, '72, has been elected Secretary of the Sunday School Institute of the Diocese of Michigan.

Among the special contributors to *The Churchman* during the coming year is the Rev. Dr. J. H. BARBOUR, '73, of the Berkeley Divinity School.

W. W. GILLETTE, '76, has published a chart on the apostles' creed for Sunday School use.

Professor C. M. ANDREWS, '84, is to read a paper at the next meeting of the American Historical Association on the question: "Should Recent European History Have a Place in the College Curriculum?"

A paper on "The Real Origin of the Swiss Republic," by W. D. McCrackan, '85, is printed in the last annual report of the American Historical Association.

The Rev. REGINALD PEARCE, '93, has been elected Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Ipswich, Mass.

L. A. ELLIS, '98, is with the Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Company.

W. McA. JOHNSON, '98, should be addressed care of Staat-Assistant Remm Groner Schausse 13, Göttingen, Germany.

A. M. STURTEVANT, '98, is an assistant in Professor Schilling's German department in Harvard, and not tutor, as was previously reported.

DANIEL HUGH VERDER, '99, has been visiting friends at college.

BOOK REVIEWS

For the Freedom of the Sea. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

This is a romance of the War of 1812, by the author of *For Love of Country*. The book possesses little literary value beyond its vivid portrayal and stirring description of life in the old American Navy at the time in which the plot is laid. The story opens with the traditional conversation between the American captain, Isaac Hull, and the English captain, Dacres, in which, it will be remembered, they wager a hat on the outcome of a possible naval engagement if war breaks out between England and America. The picturing of the conflicts is very thrilling and dramatic, but Mr. Brady brings in a love story which he does not seem to handle very well. The love-passages fall decidedly flat and are an essential blemish to an otherwise delightful and pleasing book.

The Highest Andes. By Edward A. FitzGerald, F. R. G. S.

This book is extremely valuable from a scientific point of view. Mr. FitzGerald, who is an excellent authority on the subject, gives statistics relative to the altitudes of these enormous mountains. The author's description of his ascent of the loftiest mountain ever climbed is very interesting. His portrayal of South American life is instructive and claims, as well, the interest of every reader of the book.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Of course, when examining this book from a literary standpoint, we find that it has little or no merit, but the fact that it is now in its ninth thousand testifies to the popularity which it has obtained. Most of these fables were published first in the *Chicago Record*, and in that publication they were received so favorably by the public, that the idea of gathering them in book form has proved most satisfactory. From the fables many excellent morals are drawn, such as the following: "Always select the right sort of parents before you start to be rough."

Lalla Rookh. By Thomas Moore. Boston: Dana, Estes & Company.

This edition is one of the handsomest and most tastefully compiled of Thomas Moore's great work that we have seen. The illustrations are beautiful, and the volume would be a worthy addition to any library.

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